Fit "TripleX" - and be safe

The Sketch

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY
John Jameson & Son, Ltd., Bow Street Distillery, Dublin, Eire
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S 7 YEARS OLD

ROSS'S
BELFAST
GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT
LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE
Will soon be bubbling with good spirits.

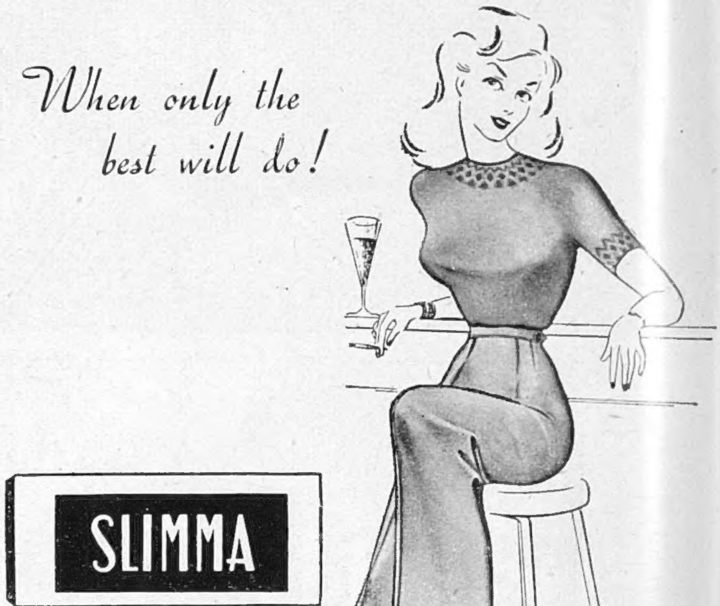
BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it, the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

By Appointment
Cerebos
Salt for dainty tables

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Choose your new Evening Gown from the superb collection in the Model Gown Salon—First Floor

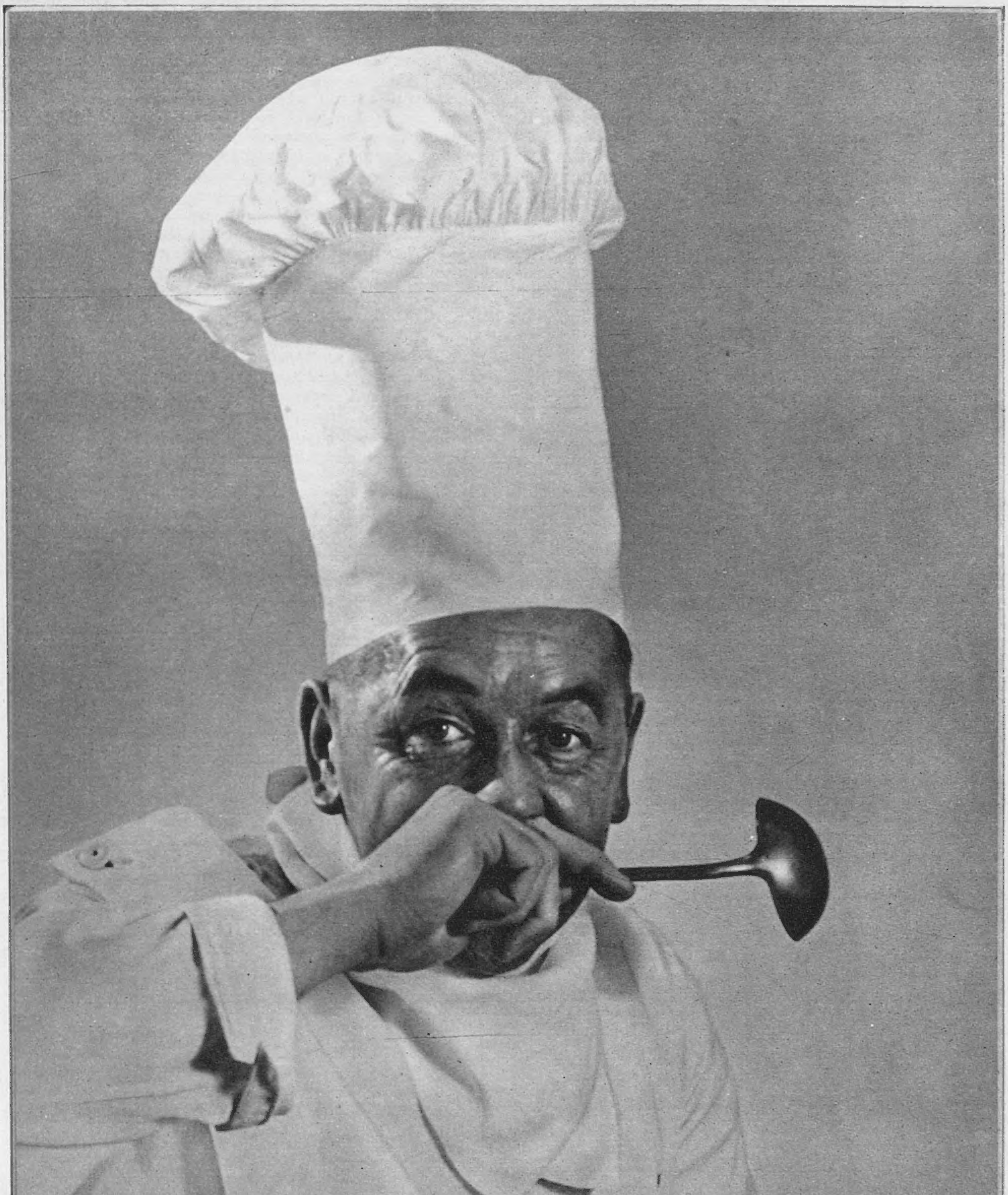


SLIMMA WEAR LTD., (Wholesale), 25, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Sketch

No. 2662—Vol. CCV. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1946 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



"CONTRETEMPS."

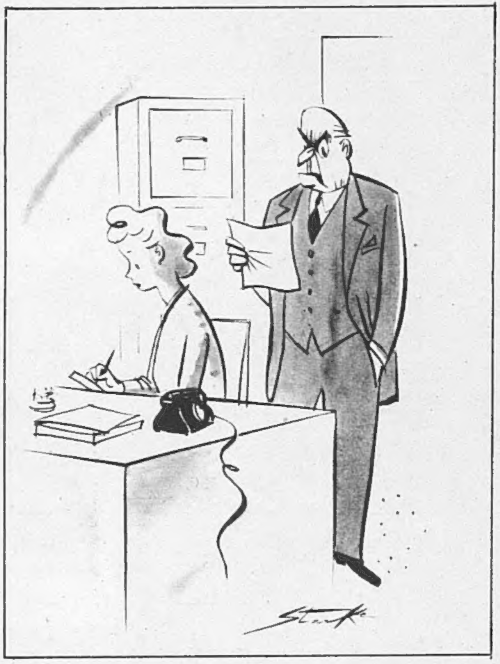
This immaculate chef looks slightly worried—a nasty niggling little doubt has crossed his mind about something. Has he perhaps used sugar instead of salt, or made some other culinary gaffe? This problem photograph is on view at the thirty-seventh exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, which opened at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, on September 14, and will continue until October 14.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY B. CHARLES ENGLISH, F.R.P.S., EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Strange Waters. This is written by the Waters of Babylon—or, to be quite accurate, by the waters of the Lake of Geneva. They are remarkable waters in several respects. First, there is a great deal more liquid in them than meets the eye. The heavens here have a habit, like the Melancholy Jaques's deer, of "weeping into the needless stream," and when they weep, they just sob their heart out, accompanying their grief with the most continuous, non-stop thunder and lightning which I have ever encountered anywhere, except on the stage. But, having wept, they suddenly smile again as if nothing had happened, and then it is as if there were never a care in the world. Even at the worst of their September grief, they are infinitely less dolorous than the skies of England (according to latest advices from home).



"Say . . . 'Dear Sir, The allegations contained in your letter make me laugh . . .'"

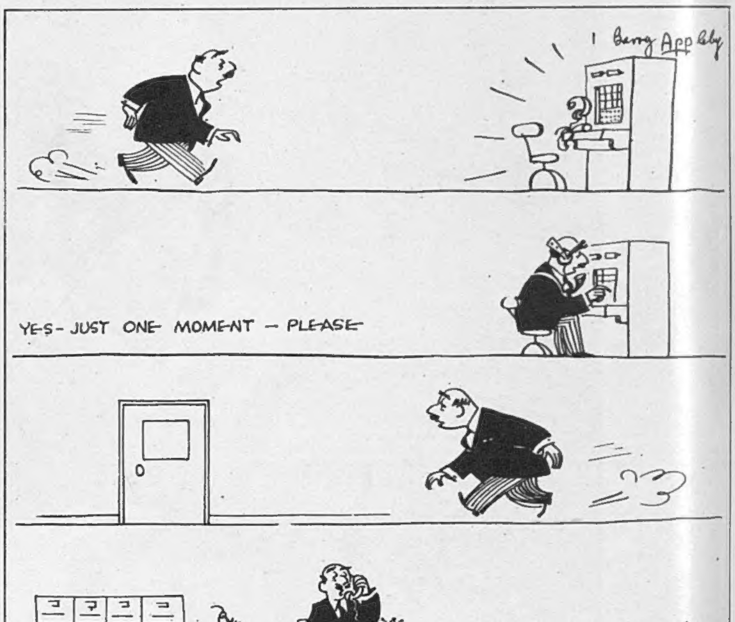
DRAWN BY STARKE.

Incognito. Second, these blue, hill-girt waters are remarkable because most of the great thinkers of Europe have made a point of thinking some of their best thoughts somewhere in their vicinity. I just mention that in passing, but you need not dwell on it unduly in reading these lines. Actually, I am not competing in the celebrity class at the moment. I am not sketching the distant Alps; I am not being given any civic receptions; no multitudes have turned out to strew my path with flowers; and no detectives are sitting up in the branches outside my window or dogging my every step if I even stroll down to the café for a quick one—or, more probably, a slow one. In short, I am strictly incognito, and, for holiday purposes, I congratulate myself on *not* being a Man who Won the War. I have come here in search of what is called a "change," and also of better health. The one I certainly have; the other, since I cannot command it, I hope for, which seems to be all that mortal man can do about it—at least, that is the impression I bring from the consulting-room.

All Abroad. Abroad! Yes, dear sir or madam, actually abroad in Europe for the first time in eight years—put that on your pianola and play it! I knew that I was really and truly on the Continent when the hirsute foreign gentleman in front of me in the queue at the airport suddenly turned round and knocked me down. No, not with rude hands or lethal weapons—just with garlic. The war at least has not altered that; from the whole continent of Europe the incense still arises to the gods in great wafts and waves, and stops short only at the Channel. To continue the olfactory theme (which is so important in all our memories and associations) I knew, again, that I was really and truly abroad when I reached my hotel and smelt the hotel smell. Why is it that all hotels on the Continent have an aroma which, in spite of infinite variations, is somehow still the same aroma, definitely exotic? It is not unpleasant—on the contrary, in a good hotel it is the child of cleanliness and housewifery; but it is totally different from the smell of any habitation in England.

Milk and Honey. Abroad!—in a world which is still pre-war, and "austere" only in trifling shortages (such as sugar) and no doubt in *la vie chère*. I was amused to hear a Swiss host the other day apologise for the sadly deteriorated quality of the pastry, for which this city is famous. The meanest cake that grows in a pastrycook's window here would draw a riotous crowd from all over England if displayed in a baker's shop, and would cost BU's beyond the dreams of avarice. One of the most vivid recollections which I shall carry away from this place is the three substantial rolls of butter each morning with *petit déjeuner*—and oh, the creaminess thereof, of a kind which one had almost forgotten ever existed! You can, if you have such a crude taste, eat enough bananas to gorge a monkey; you can buy as many as you like of those huge, yellow peaches, as big as your fist—not the choicest peaches to the connoisseur, but verily among the more excellent products of the earth. You can buy—but why should I continue in this gross strain, merely licking my lips while I tantalise yours? Suffice it that here, in quantities that we had forgotten, milk and honey flow—metaphorically, anyhow, for real and actual milk is, curiously enough, in somewhat short supply.

Foreign Parts. I deny that I am dreaming; I am *sure* that I am abroad when I see all around the *boulangerie* and *charcuterie* and *horlogerie* and *bijouterie* and all that multitude of *-eries* which make up the Continental scene. Yesterday, in a queer, crooked street, I discovered what was to me a new one, a *chaudronnerie*, or cauldronry—which, being interpreted, means a place of pots and pans; and what aristocrats of burnished copper, far more beautiful than gold, they were! All very foreign indeed, and a long war does not seem to have made much difference to foreignness. The same peculiar things happen as of yore. The little tots still speak French with astounding facility, and even the dogs and cats understand this difficult tongue; men still wear

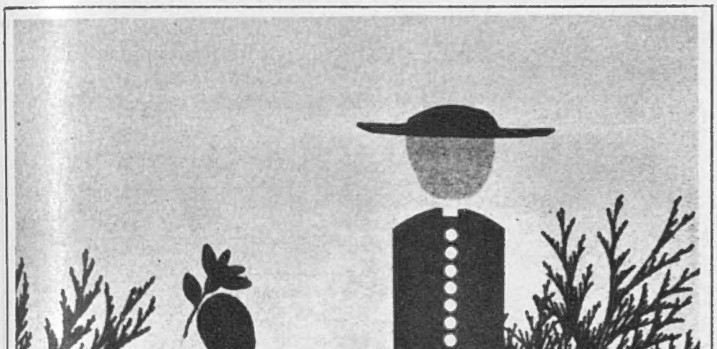


DRAWN BY BARRY APPLEBY.

things of nightmare as neckties and run to sickly-yellow boots and sprout hair in strange places and patterns; and gentlemen still, unless my eyes deceive me, enjoy their meals and are not reticent about the fact. The women still have *chic*, though necessarily it is not quite the *chic* of long ago.

Parting Glimpse. I record one fact about Switzerland which is not widely enough known, not even to naturalists. This little country, so popular as the headquarters of this and that movement, has been selected by the wasps as their European centre and is now the hub of their Direct Action movement. In Switzerland there are more wasps to the cubic foot of atmosphere than in any other three European countries together. I have made a careful calculation and make this broad generalisation with confidence. However, let me not leave a smiling and a delectable land on a note of buzzing and stinging. I leave it rather with a picture which is greatly enhanced since I began to write these lines, for the sun has now come out in unexpected splendour. My parting glimpse is the flash of a white seagull against a blue sky—to me always one of the *purest* elegances in nature. When you add a background of blue water, white sails and snow-capped peaks—well, it may not be the correct thing in cubes, planes and masses, and it may be quite too obvious for the *cognoscenti*—but *quite*, my dear; but to me it is a picture which I should willingly have come twice as far to see and which will not soon or easily pass from the mind which it calms and enchants.

Peace and Quiet. Apart from the beauties of nature, one of the great charms of this world of Abroad is that there is no newspaper on the breakfast-table. I have been deliberately indifferent to any compliments and courtesies which have been exchanged at Paris, in Palestine, in India, or any other spot of bother. I hear echoes of organised lawlessness in Squatterdom, of tumbling stock markets, of a jittery America, political and industrial, and I remain icily unmoved. " They pass me by as an idle wind Which I respect not." Yesterday, motoring through the most serene fertile and verdant country, where the haymakers toiled in the foothills of huge, soaring crags and bluffs, and where every home, however modest, seemed to shine with cleanliness and simple comfort, I was tempted to envy the members of nations which do not aspire to be great Powers—I was tempted, I say, until I remembered what has happened to other small nations which, not long ago, seemed secure against violation. Here men and women have been doing for centuries what the vast majority of mortals all over the world at all times want to do—to live at peace and pursue their affairs in their own way. Only a tiny minority succeed—that is the human tragedy.



"Good and Not So Good" is the title of this witty little composition exhibited by George Halford, A.R.C.A., F.R.P.S., at the 37th Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street.

" So I said: 'Take your dirty hands off me!' "

DRAWN BY SAXON.

Down to Earth.

Despite all efforts at splendid isolation, rumours of the outside world do sometimes reach me. Here is one which has fascinated me by its throbbing human interest. It is the climax, in a magistrate's court, of a fierce, ten-years feminine war about the right to use a gate. Mrs. B. (alleged Mrs. R.) not only tied up the gate with string, but anointed it most stickily with syrup, grease and even marmalade. Mrs. R. retorted by pouring a kettle of hot water over the gate, to dissolve the accretions, whereupon " Mrs. B. opened her window and pretty well drowned me with water, saying, 'Have some more!' " Mrs. R., wet to the quick, did what any woman of spirit would have done: she threw the kettle through Mrs. B.'s window. Mrs. B. got more than she gave, for although the water she threw was " only about a pint from the dog's drinking-bowl " (a nasty one, that!), Mrs. R's. kettle did considerable execution, soiling Mrs. B's. undergarments (which were draped on a chair), breaking a lamp and chipping chunks off the dressing-table. The result? The usual—both bound over, and don't be naughty girls. I like that story. It 's a slice of life. It 's a lump of that unfortunately real world to which I must soon return from this Lotus Land.

Kiss and Be Friends. And how wise, how Solomonic, the conclusion! Both bound over—to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects, and (in the time-honoured phrase) " especially towards " Mrs. B. on the one hand and Mrs. R. on the other. Grievances have been ventilated, pent-up emotions unbosomed, grave counsel given and honour satisfied; quite possibly (it often so happens) the adversaries of years kiss and are friends, or at least have a nice cupper Rosy Lee, or even a pint of peace, together. Now why can't it be like that in international relations? Why, for instance, can't Mr. Molotov, Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin all be bound over (not to mention Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Wallace)? But people are so unreasonable. Thus, the other day, a man hurled a brickbat through a shop window because twenty-five years before he had bought there a pair of trousers which he did not consider worth their price. The price was *eight shillings*. He seems to have been one of those elephants who never forget.

Worst Ever. No eccentricity of human nature, however, can be quite so unreasonable as the unreasonableness of the weather of 1946. I see that all the pundits are making a melancholy comparison with the year 1879, which appears to have held the record for general foulness. There is a good deal of talk, too, about cycles of weather, and the period of thirty-five

[*Continued overleaf.*

years seems to be a popular favourite. The omniscient Francis Bacon, it seems, refers to bucolic beliefs in this weather cycle, though I do not remember any references to the matter in any of his plays—except possibly the well-known and completely accurate statement that " the rain it raineth every day." According to my reckoning, the year 1879 happened sixty-seven years ago, so that (if I grasp the inference) we still have another three years to go before we reach the trough of climatic horror. By that time we shall all, I imagine, welcome a few atomic bombs.

" How fortunate that Modom is not handicapped by fully-fashioned legs ! "

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Swing High, Swing Low.

One item of real moment, among all the international dross, reaches me from the outside world. I have long awaited it—if true, it is the dawn of a new hope. It is reported from America that Swing is dead—not Raymond Gram, but the desolating din which goes by this name. People, it has been discovered, want tunes. Of course they want tunes and, since nobody nowadays seems able to produce them, they have been going back for decades to find them. But apparently the experts in popular taste have only just discovered this. Let them now all swing together.

Wonderful World.

A correspondent in the Press states that he had to get married in order to obtain new linoleum for the bathroom. He does not state whether the sacrifice was worth it. The bait of linoleum might be considered by the 1000 spinsters who recently met at the Astor Hotel

" Gad ! You 're quite right—it *is* a wasp."

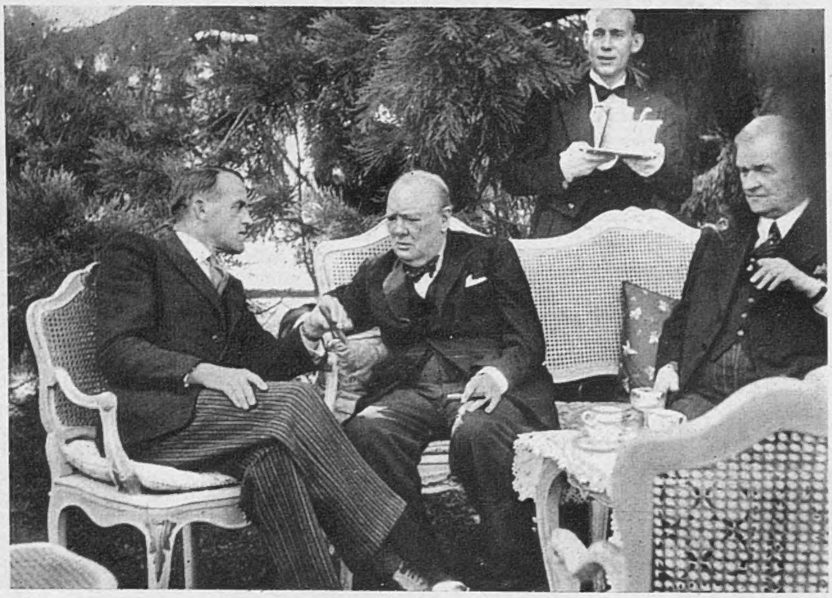
DRAWN BY BLAMPIED.

to debate the question, " How to Get a Husband "—without, it is reported, arriving at any " hard-and-fast rule."—An untimely sneeze caused a worker in a Welsh coal washery to precipitate his uppers and lowers into 87,000 gallons of water and much complicated machinery. They were found, unharmed, in a wagon of coal eight miles away. Cast thy teeth upon the waters . . .

Fighter types of H.Q. FIGHTER COMMAND, R.A.F., *are shown criticising the merits of the permanent art collection by Fred May of Fighter Command celebrities in full colour. The collection includes Cs.-in-C. such as Lord Dowding, Sir Sholto Douglas, Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, and Sir Roderic Hill, besides a long list of other senior officers ; making a pictorial record of this famous Command.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

The one-hundred-and-fifty-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

A light for MR. CHURCHILL, *while* BUNDESRAT PETITPIERRE, *Swiss Minister for Foreign Affairs (left), tried out a Churchillian cigar.*



Party conversation; with BUNDESRAT PETITPIERRE *(left) and* BUNDESRAT STAMPFLI, *Minister of Agriculture and Industry (on the right).*

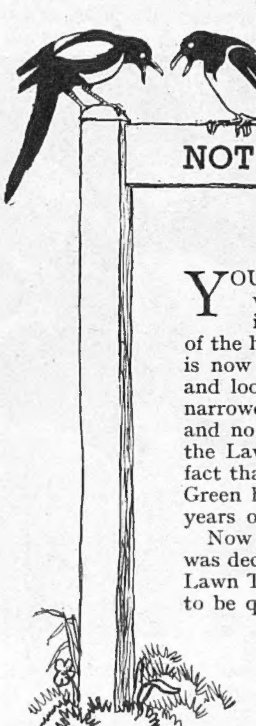
Swiss coffee is first-rate; undiluted by inferior beans. BUNDESRAT NOBS, *Minister of Finance, wears horn-rimmed glasses.*

A glass of fine with the coffee. The Swiss President, DR. KOBELT, *sits beside* MR. CHURCHILL.

SWISS COFFEE PARTY WITH MR. CHURCHILL.

HEARTY cheering, warm hospitality, sunshine were Mr. Churchill's lot during his holiday in Switzerland. Our pictures show him taking coffee with the President and Ministers of State of the Swiss Federal Council at Château Lohn during his two days' visit there as guest of the Swiss Government. Mr. Churchill's power and drive were well to the fore, especially during his twenty-five-minute broadcast from Zurich University, when he called for a United States of Europe. Mrs. Churchill and his daughter Mary accompanied him during the trip.

A few urgent notes on international questions. MR. CHURCHILL *got busy with pencil and paper.*



NOT SO METROPOLITAN.

By JOYCE DENNYS.

YOU remember our Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, where you and I and the other local children, in our youth, played so much cheerful tennis of the hit-and-squeal variety ? Well, though the tennis is now of sterner stuff, everybody hitting very hard and looking worried, and the croquet hoops so much narrower that the Croquet-players look worried too, and no wonder—the Club is still here and still called the Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, regardless of the fact that two flourishing Bridge Rooms and a Bowling Green have more or less kept it alive during the lean years of war.

Now that the lean years of Peace are upon us, it was decided that we would hold once again our annual Lawn Tennis Tournament, which in the old days used to be quite an Affair, with Stars arriving in expensive motor-cars and being put up by public-spirited Members, who nearly always regretted their generous impulses before the week was out.

As soon as it was known that the Tournament was to take place, there was an outcry. The Bridge-players objected because there would be so much noise that they would find it practically impossible to concentrate on their game ; the Bowlers objected for fear their Bowling Green would be trampled underfoot, and the Croquet-players for the same reason. When the Bowlers were told that the Bowling Green would not be used they stopped blowing out their moustaches in indignant puffs and went quietly back to their game. The Bridge-players were soothed by the assurance that the Bridge Room door would be kept locked and the windows plugged with felt to deaden all sounds from the outside world. The only people who went on objecting were the Croquet-players, and well they might, for one of their best lawns was taken to be used as a Centre Court and another had the Umpire's Tent pitched on it. However, Croquet - players are notoriously public-spirited, and after a time they stopped complaining and offered their services as linesmen, umpires and waitresses.

" In our youth."

Weeks before the Tennis Tournament was due to begin, tremendous activities took place. Stands were erected on the Best Croquet Lawn, now known as the Centre Court ; the Bridge Room windows were encased in felt so that no fresh air could get in, but the summer being what it was the Bridge-players didn't mind that ; and the Bowling Green was neglected so that the grass grew very long and worms came up during play.

I went up to the Club one afternoon and found the Conductor watching sadly while men in heavy boots drove large tent-pegs into his favourite croquet lawn.

" Cheer up," I said, " you 'll enjoy the Tournament when it gets going," for the Conductor wasn't here in the old days.

" I 'm not really sad," said the Conductor. " In fact, I 'm terribly glad about the Tournament. It 's just——" he winced as one of the workmen stamped a dislodged turf into place—" that I hate to see a beautiful lawn being spoilt."

" It 'll recover," I said. " You see."

Just then Mrs. Savernack and Mrs. Whinebite came by. They had undertaken to cater for, cook, prepare and serve all meals during Tournament Week and were deep in an enthralling conversation about a Tongue. When they came to where the Conductor and I were sitting, they stopped and looked at me in a speculative way with their heads on one side. Then Mrs. Savernack said, " I don't think Henrietta would be much good, do you ? "

" More of a Hindrance than a Help," said Mrs. Whinebite sadly, and they turned and walked away.

" It is our Artistic Temperaments, Henrietta," said the Conductor. " To-day they refused my services as a linesman."

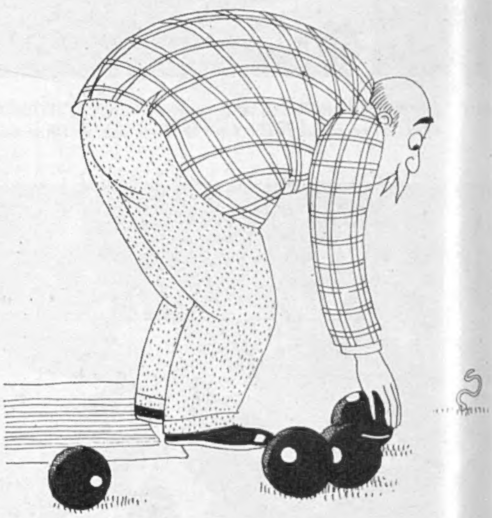
" What exactly *is* an Artistic Temperament ? " I said, for it is a thing I have always wanted to know.

" I haven't the slightest idea," said the Conductor.

" It 's jolly sporting of them to do the Food, don't you think ? "

" It 's terrific. As they stood there I thought I saw a sort of nimbus round Mrs. Savernack's head. Did you notice ? It might have been my imagination, of course."

Our Lawn Tennis Tournament started in a blaze of sunshine, and everybody rushed up to the Club in a great state of excitement. Beautiful girls in crisp, clean shorts played a strong game from the base-line ; young men tossed the hair out of their eyes and delivered smashing services ; the good players were given clean balls and coaxed on to the better courts, and the bad players were given dirty balls and banished to distant courts. The Stars raised their eyebrows at every effort which was made for their comfort and convenience and said very little. The Local Inhabitants, when they were not washing up, serving and preparing meals, umpiring, being linesmen, helping in the Umpire's Tent, or wrestling with Ball Boys, sat entranced on the new Centre Court seats, wagging their heads from side to side.



" Worms came up during play."

" Now the War really *is* over ! " we said to each other, our faces wreathed in smiles.

It was on the Monday night that Squatters moved into the Umpire's Tent. When the Admiral, who is our Hon. Sec., arrived and saw a row of panties and scanties on the tent-ropes he unlocked the Bar and gave himself a stiff whisky-and-soda. The Squatter, a determined young Mother of Three, refused to move, so the Tournament went on all around her, with the Umpire, a pained expression on his face, stepping over the baby which lay crowing on a rug just outside, and the toddlers clinging to any legs which happened to be passing.

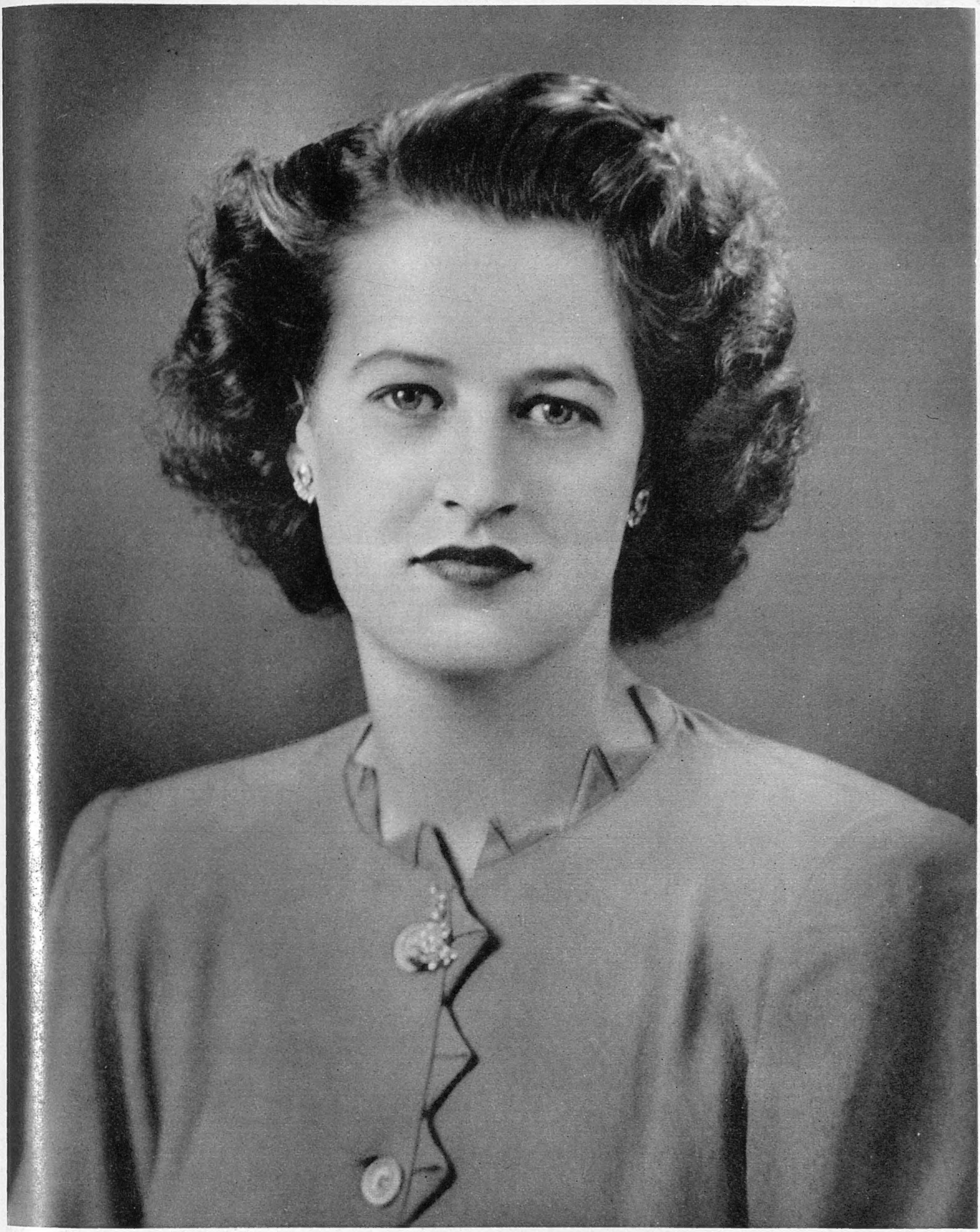
The next day we had one of our fiercer south-west gales and the tent blew down. The Squatters moved into the Bridge Room, lit a roaring fire and hung out their clothes to dry.

The Lawn Tennis Tournament now became very unusual indeed. Torrential rain and gales swept over us ; the Umpire's Tent kept on blowing down, papers were whirled into the air and clung damply to passers-by ; white-faced Bridge-players held meetings on the verandah ; and the Competitors on the sodden courts slashed grimly at each other with dark-brown, squelching balls.

Mrs. Savernack and Mrs. Whinebite went on serenely serving delicious meals which everybody enjoyed. Otherwise it wasn't a bit pre-war—but then, nothing ever is.

HENRIETTA.

" The Umpire."



BRIDE-ELECT — DESCENDED FROM THE VICTOR OF BLENHEIM.

The engagement of LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL, *second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, to Major Hugo Waterhouse, eldest son of Captain the Rt. Hon. Charles Waterhouse, M.C., and Mrs. Waterhouse, of Middleton Hall, Bakewell, Derbyshire, has been announced. Lady Caroline bears an historic name, for she is descended from the first Duke of Marlborough, victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and his wife, the redoubtable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and is also a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose leadership contributed so immeasurably to our victory in the last war.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

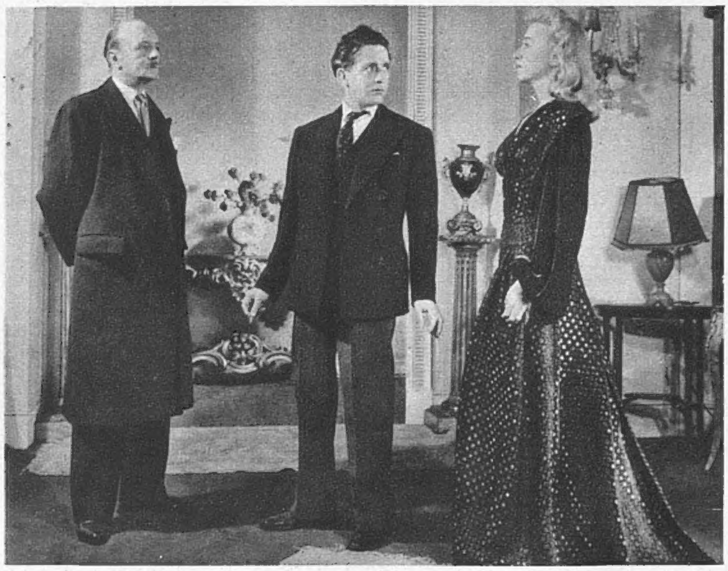
GREAT nonsense is being talked about applause at the opera. Applause is a necessary poison for Italian singers, and the hushed attention appropriate to the Three Choirs Festival is quite out of place at a performance of "Tosca" or "Rigoletto." Nor is it the case, as a most distinguished critic has suggested, that "what may be courtesy in Italy is bad manners here." Good Italian opera should be received in the Italian way, and not as if Puccini were Tchehov or Maeterlinck. Naples, after all, is not Haslemere; and those who deplore the repetition of "La donna è mobile" (so admirably sung, at Covent Garden, by Infantino) betray, in their outbursts, not so much an advantage of sensibility as a defect of temperament. To suggest, again, that applause destroys all dramatic illusion is to underestimate that absolute command of the stage in which Italian composers so openly glory. Verdi's situations are indestructible; and the audience is not merely held by his narrative, but clamped down by it. But for all this, applause must be earned, and it should be given with discrimination. Some of our Neapolitan guests are receiving ovations, where a more informed audience would have returned, at best, a grieving silence; and there is one crying instance of the contrary case. It is usual in opera houses to give the conductor his due at the beginning of the last act; but although Maestro Capuana has wrung the most beautifully supple, responsive and dramatic playing from the Covent Garden orchestra, the audience has seemed unwilling, or perhaps unable, to recognise the source of much of its enjoyment. Two months ago this band was being led through a not entirely satisfactory "Petrouchka"; but now one can only envy singers who have so finely nervous an orchestral line beneath them.

The staging and general production at Covent Garden are unworthy of the company's musical powers; the spectacle, by turns dowdy and primitive, cannot compare for a moment with the dazzling pleasures of "Don Pasquale," at the Cambridge. But at least one can shut one's eyes; and better scene-painters than Verdi and Puccini never existed. The evocations of night and storm in "Rigoletto" are enough to make one unfurl one's umbrella; and when it comes to the interior landscape of human emotions, these two composers can establish in a moment the widest extremes of joy and despair. Notice how, in "Rigoletto," the Duke announces himself with his first four bars as a creature of dancing, beguiling heartlessness; and how the jester himself discloses (Tagliabue was masterful throughout), even in his lighter passages, the anguish of the baited bear. Margherita Carosio, who has already excelled in "La Traviata," has the instinctive elegance for Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"; and the whole company has the enthusiasm which, in this wonderful piece, will do well enough in place of experience. Those, like myself, whose private war-aim was to hear once again a real Rossini crescendo at Covent Garden, can book their seats (if they can find any) with perfect confidence. When the Comédie Française last brought Beaumarchais' "Barbier de Seville" to London, Jean Meyer was rightly applauded for his delivery of the famous speech about the terrible effects of calumny; and I hope that no inhibitive gentility will prevent Rossini's paraphrase from being received in the same way.

"Fools Rush In" (Fortune). Kenneth Horne's comedy of a bride who on her wedding morning peruses the Wedding Service; jibs at the sacrifices she foresees; refuses to go to church. Above: Millicent the bridesmaid (JESSICA SPENCER)*: "I'm ready. Is there anything the matter?" The bride's mother Angela* (JOYCE BARBOUR) *is prostrated; her fiancé Charles* (HUGH DEMPSTER) *slumps in sympathy.*

America has long been the home of revivalist movements, and no amount of acrobacy on the part of the producer can disguise the fact that Mr. Thornton Wilder's "THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH," now revived at the Piccadilly, is at bottom a plain old-fashioned revivalist sermon; but at any rate Mr. Wilder has no doubts. The argument of this play is, briefly, that man has dragged himself up through the Ice Age, the Deluge, and other climatic disturbances, solely by dint of those homely virtues which now make up the foundation of American family life. Mr. Olivier's production does everything that can be done for the play, except perhaps to give us more of Miss Vivien Leigh and less of the sermonising which will persist in breaking through just as we are most enjoying ourselves. This is an evening quite unlike any other now available to us, and an evening stuffed with goodies; but often when we raise these tempting morsels to our mouths, Mr. Wilder whips them away and rams between our teeth one of his beastly little pills. Mr. George Devine and Miss Esther Somers bring to their parts an appropriately rugged and horny brand of eloquence; Miss Ena Burrill's fortune-teller is, rather surprisingly, a *tour de force* of worldly wisdom; and Miss Vivien Leigh's Sabrina is her best performance. As a light-comedy actress, Miss Leigh is beyond compare. Even a dinosaur would find her attractive; and in Mr. Wilder's play, even a dinosaur does.

"The Poltergeist" (Vaudeville) stars GORDON HARKER *as Harris, unsuspecting insurance agent who arrives at a very much haunted country vicarage to settle a claim made by the Vicar* (LLOYD PEARSON) *for fire damage to a bearskin; next him is a member of the Psychic Research Society, Vincent Ebury* (AUSTIN TREVOR)*; Harris* (GORDON HARKER)*; Hilda Prescott, the Vicar's wife* (OLGA LINDO)*; and Olive* (JACQUELINE CLARKE)*—L. to r.*



"Dear Murderer" (Aldwych). Lee Warren commits the perfect murder of his wife's first lover; pins the crime on her second. To save the innocent man from hanging, he plans a perfect alibi. His fate is left undecided till the last, with a surprise or two. L. to r.: Inspector Pembury (JACK RAINE)*; Lee Warren* (TERENCE DE MARNEY) *and his wife Vivien* (ROSALYN BOULTER).

In his "CONSTANT WIFE," now revived at the Arts, Mr. Somerset Maugham advances the view that wives, like Frigidaires, benefit by periodical de-frosting. This oldish play comes up like new, though some of the players appeared to strive after a higher social level than was either necessary or plausible. It is a deliciously funny evening. Miss Marjorie Stewart played with dignity and spirit, but appeared almost too collected, too matter-of-fact; one didn't altogether envy Mr. Richard Warner that six-weeks jaunt along Italian byways. Miss Hazel Hughes battled vigorously with a rôle (that of a thwarted spinster) for which nature had not equipped her.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). "SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors). "BIG BEN" (Adelphi). THE OLD VIC THEATRE CO. (New).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick). "HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville). "NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden). "THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric). "GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" (Apollo). "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" (Globe). "PICK-UP GIRL" (Prince of Wales). "DEAR MURDERER" (Aldwych). "THE POLTERGEIST" (Vaudeville). "SWEETHEART MINE" (Victoria Palace). "CLUTTERBUCK" (Wyndham's). "FOOLS RUSH IN" (Fortune). "THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS" (Lyric, Hammersmith). "BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" (St. James's). "MESSAGE FOR MARGARET" (Westminster). THE C.M.F. SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY (Covent Garden). "MOTHER OF MEN" (Comedy). "THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH" (Piccadilly).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHEN somebody observes to Cole Porter, in "NIGHT AND DAY" (Warner Theatre), shaking his head over one of the Master's more esoteric numbers, "You should have been born on the East Side, like some of our more popular boys," I felt it was a cry from the heart of an anguished screen-writer. Did I say screen-writer? I should have said "writers." It takes no fewer than four of them—Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend and William Bowers, who wrote the screen play, and Jack Moffitt, who for some reason "adapted" it—to worry out in dramatic form this little two-hours-and-a-quarter something "based on the career of Cole Porter." And under the circumstances, I 'm not surprised.

It must have been a black day for the Messrs. Hoffman, Townsend and Bowers when the Warner Brothers, one or all of them, rang for the writing boys with the news that they had acquired the rights of most of Cole Porter's music, and that some sort of film would have to be constructed "around it." No wonder the sturdy Mr. Moffitt—I picture him as splendidly sturdy, with piercing steel-grey eyes behind bland horn-rims—was bidden to stand by for emergency "adaptation." For what in the world could a writing team do about Mr. Porter, a well-to-do man of solid Indiana family, who had been at Yale, married happily, written music that sold, and got to the top without having to use the hard way; a man who had grown up in comfortable surroundings, instead of grubbing it in a tenement in Brooklyn? A man, moreover, who was still alive and writing hits, and showed no imminent signs of qualifying for the celestial choir and a Technicolor sunset? How should a wretched dramatist contrive a pulsating story about *him*?

"Without Reservations" (Odeon, Leicester Square). Kit (CLAUDETTE COLBERT), *author of a best-seller, repairs to Hollywood to work on its screen version. On the way she meets Rusty* (JOHN WAYNE; *right) and Dink* (DON DeFORE). *Kit and Rusty fall for each other; become involved in a series of complications from which Dink playing Cupid, rescues her; restores her to Rusty's arms.*

Well, they 've done their best, the poor souls, and what they couldn't do, the advertising department has done for them. The Warner Brothers *say* that "Night and Day" is their greatest picture, and it is no part of a critic's duty to reproach them for undue pessimism.

By straining the facts a little, by building tremendously handsome sets and setting the large cast loose on acres of polished floor, by engaging Cary Grant to endue Cole Porter with his own gay buoyancy and informal charm, and

"The Overlanders" (Leicester Square Theatre, October 3), producer Michael Balcon, the first film made in Australia by a British company; tells the story of what happened out there in 1942 when the Japanese invasion was imminent. An all-Australian cast and technicians made this story of a cattle-drover who rather than obey the Government's "scorched earth" order to destroy his cattle, drove them overland across 2000 miles of the toughest-going country in the world.

by having at hand some accomplished young woman, who can read music faultlessly at sight, every time Mr. Porter feels the urge to create a song, they have produced a work that can be experienced without any very great pain. That is, unless you happen to be allergic to Cole Porter's peculiar type of music, with its plangent hammer-rhythm and close-pressed, sliding cadences.

"Night and Day" and "Begin the Beguine," Mr. Porter's two most conspicuous successes, naturally get the biggest showing in the score, and singer Mary Martin, away from the screen for some time, has been lured back to give us a hint of the way she really made her sensational hit with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The best moment of the film, I thought, belonged to Monty Woolley, when, playing himself (he is an old friend and colleague of Cole Porter's), he obliged with "Miss Otis Regrets," that dry, satirical and cruel little ballad in which a butler announces the sad end of a well-bred lady. Alexis Smith, as Mrs. Porter, doesn't sing, but wears some prettily-coloured dresses and looks refined and charming. Her rôle demands little but the punctual giving of engraved gold cigarette cases as souvenirs on Porter first-nights, and a regard for her celebrated husband that stops this side idolatry. That is to say, she only compares him with Shakespeare once, and then but obliquely. "Somebody," she observes, "had to help Shakespeare over the rough spots, and it was probably Mrs. Shakespeare"—a glimpse of home life at Stratford that is calculated to startle scholars into fits.

I have not read A. J. Cronin's novel "THE GREEN YEARS," but I surmise from the film they have made of it (Empire) that the author's chief concern was to present the curiously warm and understanding relationship between a sensitive lonely boy and his worldly, huge-hearted old rip of a great-grandfather. If that is not what Dr. Cronin intends to show, I can't imagine at all what he would be at; for, judging at least from the evidence on the screen, there is nothing else to speak of in this story.

"The Green Years" is about a small orphan boy, Robert Shannon, who comes from Dublin at the beginning of this century to live with his Nonconformist relatives in Scotland. The head of the household, Robert's grandfather, is the local assistant sanitary inspector; the twin rules of the home are propriety and thrift; the boy is a misfit at the village school and a "foreigner" among the local children. But up in the attic of this well-regulated home lives Robert's great-grandfather, an unrepentant, bulbous-nosed, roaring old Falstaff, happy in his independence and his bottle of whisky. The two of them, the naughty old man and the good little boy, strike up a formidable friendship, and eventually, when young Robert grows up and decides, but cannot afford, to be a doctor, the great-grandfather manages to die and leave him all his insurance money in the nick of time.

Assuming that the two main characters are clearly established and developed, this relationship might serve to provide a novel with a theme that is reasonably satisfying, although slender. But as the motive of a film it has one great drawback. Since Robert, changing from a small schoolboy into a youth of university age, has to be played by two different actors, any consistent attempt at character-drawing is well-nigh impossible. Little Dean Stockwell spends half the film acquainting us with one sort of Robert, merely that big Tom Drake may come along, after an hour or so, and introduce us to quite another kind of Robert. It is a shock which the picture is never quite able to absorb, and not all Charles Coburn's valiant efforts to make a full man of great-grandpa can persuade us to believe in the reality of the relationship.

"The Green Years" is not a bad film, and in a conventional sort of way it does its business of entertaining. That clever actor Hume Cronyn gives a sharp antiseptic sketch of the sanitary inspector; Richard Haydn makes a humane and satisfactory village schoolmaster, in spite of the embarrassment he must suffer in having to address the hero throughout as "Bowl of porridge"; a pleasant little American girl called Beverly Tyler manages quite a nice débutante rendering of the great soprano solo from "The Messiah." The most conspicuous fault in the film, possibly, is its almost total lack of humour. But then Dr. Cronin was never a very great laugher, and any Scot who catches sight of the bottle labelled "Scotchmen's Blended Whiskey" may count on at least one loud guffaw.

"The Overlanders" halt on trek; with "Chips" Rafferty, JOHN FERNSIDE; DAPHNE CAMPBELL; HELEN GRIEVE *and others.*

SEPTET OF SOCIAL NEWS PICTURES.

H.M. the KING opened the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He is shown arriving with H.M. the QUEEN. MR. LEIGH ASHTON, Director of the Museum, is on the right.

MR. ROBERT P. CHALKER, *second secretary of the U.S. Embassy in London, is engaged to* MISS EDNA WOOD, *the well-known young actress, appearing in the successful Ambassadors Theatre Revue, "Sweetest and Lowest."*

The HON. LUCIA LAWSON, *only daughter of Major-General Lord Burnham and Lady Burnham, is engaged to F./Lieut. the Hon. Roger David Marquis, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Lord and Lady Woolton.*

The engagement of MISS PATRICIA MARY MORRIN, *daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morrin, to Mr. George Patrick Maule Ramsay, Scots Guards, third son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Maule Ramsay, has been announced.*

MR. FRANK PHILLIPS, *announcer and news reader of the B.B.C., and* MISS BARBARA HOLMES, *younger daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Holmes, are to marry on November 1. Miss Holmes has been with the Corporation for over three years.*

PRINCESS TERI, *daughter of Princess Adile Zog of Albania, and niece of King Zog, married* LIEUT. R. H. COOPER, R.N. *(ret.), son of Major Arthur and Mrs. Cooper. Our photograph was taken at the reception, after the ceremony.*

VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS DANGAN *with their infant son, the* HON. RICHARD FRANCIS WELLESLEY, *after his christening at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. Lord Dangan, B.E.M., is the eldest son of Earl Cowley.*

SPOTLIT PERSONALITIES.

HUMPHREY BOGART is recording his footprint in the stars' Hall of Fame—the cement of the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. LAUREN BACALL (Mrs. Bogart) and SID GRAUMAN lend support during the operation.

Tommy Handley's recruits for his new version of ITMA include DERYCK GUYLER, TONY FRANCIS and MOLLY WEIR, who are here making a smiling entry on the scene.

LEONIDE MASSINE has his first speaking part in "A Bullet in the Ballet," due to open in Edinburgh on Oct. 1, and after a tour coming to London. He will dance, too, in excerpts from his great rôles and in a new ballet of his own to Chopin music. He is with MADAME MASSINE, LEONIDE and TATIANA.

KAY KENDALL, Britain's new screen star, who appeared in "London Town," is beside a bright new world due to British endeavour. It's a plastic globe internally illuminated and may be seen at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which was opened by the King last week.

"SPIRIT OF THE WIND"; BY E. HEIMANN, F.R.P.S.

THE aim of the London Salon of Photography, now holding its thirty-seventh show at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, is "to exhibit only that class of work in Pictorial Photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution." On our front page we give a striking photograph from the Salon, and here are other examples which illustrate the high quality of the pictures on view. The Exhibition opened on September 14 and continues until October 12.

"THE COMPOSER"; BY W. G. GAMBLIN, A.R.P.S.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART AND IMAGINATION.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. HEIMANN, F.R.P.S., AND W. G. GAMBLIN, A.R.P.S., EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

BEAUTY AND MYSTERY BY CAMERA.

The camera has successfully captured mystery and romance in this beautiful photograph by Rosalind Maingot, on view at the London Salon of Photography under the title of "Night." The pose, the texture and the lighting are all equally admirable.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSALIND MAINGOT, F.R.P.S., EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

MISS KATY TURNER, *winner of the American National Women's Water Ski Championship, ski-ing with* MISS HELEN HATFIELD *behind a small 'plane.*

Into the golden glowing sunset: five YOUNG WATER SKI-ERS *behind a motor-boat in the Highland Lake region of Florida, near Winter Haven.*

Even the experts fall off as MISS PAT CONLIN *did, but the technique's quite simpl[e]. Just turn the towbar loose and float on the skis until the boat comes back for yo[u].*

THE SUMMER THAT NEVER REACHED ENGLAND: U.S.A. "AQUAMAIDS" ENJOY THRILLS DENIED TO US.

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

Seven little "AQUAMAIDS" *all in a row. They are members of the American Water-Ski Association and have developed a special ballet technique for the sport.*

THESE pictures are enough to make any British stay-at-home grow pale with envy. What a record of joys, by hopeless fancy framed on sunlit days that were for others, during this deplorable summer when our island sea broke miserably on its cold grey stones. They were taken in Florida's famous Cypress Gardens in the Highland Lake region, near Winter Haven, where every year a mid-winter water-ski championship is held in January. A water-ski school is to be opened there, for America has gone all out for the sport, and there are enthusiasts of every age, from six to fifty. The recent National Women's Championship was won by Miss Katy Turner. Cypress Gardens water-skiers have developed a special ballet style, and a group of "Aquamaids" has been formed.

Leader JOHN PENNINGTON.

IMPRESARIO SIR THOMAS BEECHAM launched his newly-formed Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a brilliant performance at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, recently before a cheering audience of 4000 people. Of the personnel, which includes many fine musicians, Sir Thomas said, "This is the best-looking orchestra I ever had," and he is delighted with the acquisition as leader of John Pennington, who has just returned from the U.S.A., where he led the Los Angeles and San Francisco Symphony Orchestras. At full strength the orchestra will number ninety-six; on ordinary occasions eighty. They expect to have about seventy-five engagements before Christmas, and may eventually tour in America.

Harpist JOHN COCKERILL.

Horn quartet leader DENNIS BRAIN.

The orchestra stood to receive a tremendous ovation at the end of its first performance at the Davis Theatre, Croydon.

Principal flute GERALD JACKSON.

Tympanist JAMES BRADSHAW.

Conductor SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.

First 'cello RAYMOND CLARKE.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA MAKES ITS DÉBUT.

BRITISH JUDGE OF MUSIC AT GENEVA.

MISS EILEEN JOYCE, only British judge of pianoforte at the International Competition for Musical Performers at Geneva from September 23-October 5, was born in Tasmania. An infant prodigy, she studied under Max Pauer and Teichmuller in Germany, coming to London with an introduction to Albert Coates. She made her public début with orchestra at a Queen's Hall "Prom." She has made many recordings, and has been associated with the films, as her tour of blitzed towns with the L.P.O. during the war was made the subject of the picture "Battle for Music," in which she appeared personally. She was the pianist who doubled for Ann Tod.d in "The Seventh Veil," and recording soloist in Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto for "Brief Encounter" as well as pianist for Bliss's music in "Men of Two Worlds"—all films to be shown in the British Film Festival at Prague, which was due to open on September 27.

When she plays the César Franck "Symphonic Variations" Eileen Joyce wears a pink-and-gold dress. She makes a personal appearance playing this in a concert scene in the film "A Girl in a Million."

Distinguished concert pianist MISS EILEEN JOYCE, *the only British judge in the pianoforte competition at Geneva, plays fifty-four concertos, and has a dress for each. She wears this white organza with blue ribbons for Grieg.*

For Tchaikovsky Eileen Joyce wears this lovely green velvet dress. Most of her picturesque models for the concert platform have been carefully preserved from pre-coupon days!

Eileen Joyce has a small son, John Douglas Legh-Barratt, who already plays duets with her. He does not, however, intend to be a professional musician, as he says he would rather chop wood for a living.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

A soldier named NANKERVILLE—*for being the only British winner in the Allied "Olympic Games."*

WITH some recent post-war British sporting failures in his mind, perhaps, NANKERVILLE pulled up his socks and won the 1500-metres race at the recent Allied Forces Track and Field Meeting held at the Olympic Stadium in Berlin. Second was Bouchemet of France, and Van Wijngaarden of Holland came in third.

BORED by glamour London-born show-girl JOHNNY CLARKE took physical culture lessons under Dave Crowley, one-time Lightweight Boxing Champion of G.B., and can now deliver a smashing K.O. An engineer's daughter, Johnny was given a boy's name as her father had wanted a boy. He 's got a tough girl instead.

JOSEPH ALEXANDRE CLAUDE DIONNE is obviously an individualist. Scorning competition, he arrived in the singular as a new brother for the famous Dionne Quintuplets. Fourteenth child of the Dionne parents of Callander, Ontario, he was christened by the Archbishop of Ottawa, and is seen in Annette's arms, with (l. to r.) Cécile, Marie, Emilie and Yvonne.

TWO ex-W.R.N.S. sisters, OLIVE and DORIS JUKES, wanted to see what it was like to be pavement artists; so choosing a pitch on the Embankment they set to work with coloured chalks; drew dancers, dragons, girls' heads and landscapes; chalked "ex-W.R.N.S." on the wall. Their day's takings totalled ten shillings.

THE DIONNE QUINS' NEW BROTHER—*for making his appearance all alone for a change.*

MISS JOHNNY CLARKE—*for showing an assailant where he gets off.*

THESE EX-WRENS—*for being pavement artists for a day.*

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

EILEEN HERLIE, for the emotional power and quality of her acting.

Wearing a beautiful red velvet dress and the black veil of perpetual mourning for her husband, EILEEN HERLIE *as the Queen in "The Eagle Has Two Heads" aims a pistol at the revolutionary poet, Stanislas.*

EILEEN HERLIE *as the Queen in her Victorian riding habit and topper in the last act of Ronald Duncan's version of the Cocteau play, "Azrael."*

". . . my dear Sir, you are my death": EILEEN HERLIE *as the Queen in "The Eagle Has Two Heads" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Stanislas* (JAMES DONALD).

SCOTS-IRISH EILEEN HERLIE was instantly recognised as an actress of great quality on the first night of "The Eagle Has Two Heads" (Lyric, Hammersmith). Discriminating playgoers had spotted her as a future star when she appeared at the same theatre in "The Trojan Women" and "The Thracian Horses." She always meant to be an actress, but had to start as a secretary, and came to London when she had £35. She got an understudy job, then went on tour in "East Lynne," and when Peter Glenville saw her in "The Little Foxes" he engaged her as leading lady for the Liverpool Old Vic season 1944-45. She has just made her film début in "Hungry Hill." Harold Hobson in the *Sunday Times* gave the length of her first-act speech in "The Eagle Has Two Heads" (the English version of Cocteau's "Azrael") as 2882 words. In private life Miss Herlie is Mrs. Philip Barrett.

EILEEN HERLIE *in the first act of "The Eagle Has Two Heads," in which she has to deliver a speech of 2882 words, believed to be the longest ever given on the stage.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN AND KEYSTONE.

A LINE ON "THE SHEPHARD SHOW."

"*Exercise Vacuum*": (*l. to r.*) JENNIFER RUSSELL, BERYL FRASER, STELLA MARIS, GAVIN GORDON, DOUGLAS BYNG (*on floor*), EDDIE GRAY, RICHARD HEARNE, ARTHUR RISCOE, PHIL TRIX.

"*Exercise Vacuum*"—"*The Flying Angels*": *Top flight,* RICHARD HEARNE *and* DOUGLAS BYNG. *Below*: EDDIE GRAY *and* ARTHUR RISCOE.

WITTY, brilliant, original, "The Shephard Show" opened at Prince's Theatre last week. The star comedians are Arthur Riscoe, Richard Hearne, "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng. The singer Marie Burke. Dancers: Ronald Boyer and Jeanne Ravel. Lively music by Harry Parr Davies is conducted by John Blore with his B.B.C. orchestra. Scenery, costumes, by William Chappell. Production by Wendy Toye. Lyrics: Harold Purcell. Devised by Firth Shephard, the revue was written and produced under his personal supervision.

"*Disconcerto*" *is sung by* MARIE BURKE, *fresh from her wartime Australian tour; in splendid voice and looks.*

"*The Old Shoemaker*" *is a charming sentimental little cameo with* MAUREEN SIMS *as the young ballet-dancer and* RICHARD HEARNE *her shoemaker.*

"*Southern Love*" *acted and sung seriously at first by* DOUGLAS BYNG *and* RICHARD HEARNE, *is afterwards riotously burlesqued by them.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

STEWART GRANGER AS PAGANINI: MUSIC BY MENUHIN.

Paganini (STEWART GRANGER) *plays to the imprisoned Comte de Vermond* (HENRY EDWARDS), *not for his entertainment, but to cover the grating sound of his file against the bars.*

"Duty—what woman in love thinks of duty?" Bianchi (JEAN KENT) *tells the Comtesse de Vermond* (MARIE LÖHR) *that her daughter Jeanne is in love with Paganini.*

"THE MAGIC BOW," Gainsborough picture directed by Bernard Knowles, has been shown at the Cannes Film Festival, and has its Gala Première, to be attended by Queen Mary, on October 10 at the Odeon, Marble Arch, in aid of the London Homeopathic Hospital. The screen has presented a saccharine version of the sardonic, demoniac genius, and his love-affairs are glossy with sentiment, but on the other hand, Jehudi Menuhin and the National Symphony Orchestra recorded the music, so that is something to look forward to and to rouse interest in the film.

Pasini (FELIX AYLMER) *and the Cardinal* (ROBERT SPEAIGHT) *astounded by Paganini's virtuosity. He plays Pasini's complicated composition at sight, and wins the prize of a violin.*

"Don't let him know that I . . ." Jeanne de Vermond (PHYLLIS CALVERT) *gets Paganini's violin out of pawn and gives it to Germi* (CECIL PARKER) *for him.*

Paganini (STEWART GRANGER) *playing before his Holiness the Pope in the Vatican, is inspired by seeing his faithful Jeanne de Vermond* (PHYLLIS CALVERT) *in the audience. The violinist is at the height of his fame.*

"Your father! Then I forgive him everything": Paganini discovers that the man he helped to rescue from prison was the father of Jeanne (PHYLLIS CALVERT).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN this age of chronic political crisis one looks with a new interest at the past, to see what problems the statesmen of those days had, how they arose and how they were settled. Could they have been avoided or did they spring from the nature of things and people?

The sixteenth century, like our own, was a time of violence and extreme political unrest. It was also a time when men and women, while professing the highest principles, often acted according to the lowest. Machiavelli had just written his well-known work on government, which made double-dealing almost a virtue in statesmen and princes.

Someone once said to Mrs. Mandell Creighton, a woman renowned for her outspokenness, "I understand you do not suffer fools gladly, Mrs. Creighton." "You are misinformed," she replied. "I suffer the foolish much more gladly than the wicked."

Her husband, as his History of the Papacy shows, was comparatively indulgent to both; but when reading Miss Edith Sitwell's "Fanfare for Elizabeth" one is reminded, forcibly and all the time, of Mrs. Creighton's observation. King Henry VIII., his Court, and the politicians who surrounded him, were far from stupid. On the contrary, many of them were very clever, and from a precociously early age. Their moral precepts were often high: King Henry was shocked to hear of conjugal laxity in others. But their moral practice was of the lowest, and the vice they specialised in was treachery. Almost no one could be certain of another's friendship.

The Moral Aspect. Miss Sitwell, like Lord Acton, is extremely sensitive to moral issues and, again like him, she does not let historical personages off lightly. Not that she is overtly censorious; she has no need to be. She goes to the original sources, quotes copiously but discriminatingly, and condemns the guilty out of their own mouths. It is easy to forget that a good deal of Henry VIII.'s matrimonial instability came from his longing for an heir who would ensure the succession and save the country from civil war. He did not divorce Katherine of Aragon merely because he was enamoured of Anne Boleyn. And had Anne's child been a son, he might not have decided that her alleged infidelities were a reason for executing her. Still, his third wife gave him a son; she died in doing it: so his last three marriages had less dynastic justification.

The moral squalor of the age reaches new peaks in the trial of Anne Boleyn, in the precocious love-life of Katherine Howard and the use made of it by her enemies, and in the intrigues by which Lord Seymour of Sudeley was sent to the scaffold. There is something specially horrifying in little Edward VI.'s cold-blooded, spider-like attitude to the genial, blustering uncle who had (from interested motives, no doubt) given him so much pocket-money. One does not see how any country, whose leaders behaved like that, could prosper: and England was soon to be bathed in blood.

In "Uneasy Terms," just published by Collins, PETER CHEYNEY *has written the nearest thing to a straight detective novel that he has yet done. Set in Alfriston, it concerns the three daughters of a rich woman who, having been married for her money, determines that this fate shall never overtake her children. This drawing of Cheyney was made by Captain Sergei Rodzianko.*

The Poetic Material. But Miss Sitwell, though a moralist and a historian, is first and foremost a poet; and to the portrayal of this, one of the most brilliantly-coloured periods of our history, she lends all her poetic gift. She is helped by the fact that nearly all the people she is writing about had poetry in them; their slightest reported word or preserved letter shows the century's genius for verbal expression. Anne Boleyn's last conversations, no less than Katherine of Aragon's last letter, bring tears to the eyes. No wonder the Elizabethan dramatists excelled in death-scenes. Miss Sitwell, like Webster, deplores the wickedness of Courts; but, like Shakespeare, she rejoices in the glory—the springtime and summer of such a nature as Anne Boleyn's and even Katherine Howard's, the sun-like strength and splendour, the irresistible charm of the young Henry Tudor. To this fanfare heralding Elizabeth she brings every note of colour, soft or harsh, and every sound, sweet or dissonant, that she can evoke from the past (she does not indulge in "imaginative reconstruction"; she brightens colours that are already there). And perhaps she would not have insisted so much on the seamy side, the smell of death tainting the freshest breeze, were it not that she wants to show, as dramatically as may be, what perils, physical and moral, Queen Elizabeth survived. Every snare had been laid for her feet and, one might add, for her soul. She bore to her dying day the scars of her upbringing; she was haunted by the heritage of Anne Boleyn's daughter; but her greatness enabled her, if not to overcome, at least to neutralise these handicaps. She is still a young girl when Miss Sitwell leaves her, and ten years away from the throne; but she has already given indisputable proofs of greatness—the greatness which it is the prime object of this brilliantly successful study to celebrate.

A Mediæval Goldsmith. Mr. Oliver Onions takes us nearly a century further back—to the first years of the Wars of the Roses. As his title, "Poor Man's Tapestry," suggests, he deliberately does not deal with Kings or Courts; the name of the reigning monarch is scarcely mentioned, and the hero, Wilson Middlemiss, is a young goldsmith whose wanderings take him from Yorkshire to the Welsh Marches, and from the freedom of exercising his calling to virtual imprisonment and the threat of death. For forgery was rife and Willie had unwittingly kept company with forgers. Sir William Stone, besides being a sadist, was a smeller-out of those who uttered counterfeit coin. From the Castle in the Marches, where Willie lodged, he spun his webs, and they reached far.

Mr. Onions has made a profound study of his period, especially as it affected the daily living of the poorer people; and he has besides a gift for getting an atmosphere which may not belong to the fifteenth century but certainly does not belong to ours. He has a rain-washed, translucent clarity of vision, in which everything, including the emotions and reactions of the characters, seems singularly fresh and vivid; and this in spite of a style that is allusive and sideways-glancing almost to a fault. "Poor Man's Tapestry" is not so successful a novel as "The Story of Ragged Robyn," and does not hold us in the same way; the author's imagination is a little clogged by his erudition, and the events have the waywardness without the inner cohesion of Mr. Onions' most successful work. Until the end, when the strings are pulled tighter, like the noose hanging overhead, it is a series of glimpses. But Romance comes, as always, to Mr. Onions' call; romance and the sense of horror. Of horror, he is one of the acknowledged masters; he knows equally well what to put in and (more important) what to leave out; he knows what image will secretly affright the mind, and the gallows sketched upon the air never quite loses its power to terrify.

The Munich Crisis. "You Forget So Quickly" is an account of the Munich crisis as it affects a group of clerks working together in a Borough Council office in London. There are Conservatives, Communists, jingoes and pacifists among them, and the crisis has the effect of making them examine themselves and, even more critically, each other. Nearly all of them, except Terence Hegarty, the pacifist, take a hand in A.R.P., and they are all convinced (as who was not?) that war is coming. The action covers seven days, and each day has its chapter, prefaced by a news bulletin from the Press.

Thus the story is enclosed in an iron framework, a design so rigid that it does not allow Mr. Ashley Smith much elbow room. The characters, varied as they are, move along tram-lines to a destination that, for us, though not for them, is a foregone conclusion. But this, of course, is true to life; it is what actually happened; during the Munich crisis, perhaps even more than during the crisis before the war, everybody's thoughts and actions were bounded by a single idea, that isolated them in the passing moment. Of the tension thus engendered, Mr. Ashley Smith makes full use; there are clashes between men of differing opinions, and Terence comes to feel himself ostracised.

The temporary swing of his views away from pacifism is subtly analysed, and there are some interesting passages about the Jewish reaction, of which Mr. Smith writes with unusual authority. In all the controversies he shows himself impartial; one can guess, but not with certainty, where his own sympathies lie, and he has a reflective mind which does not neglect the universal background of events and emotions that seem almost entirely a product of the passing moment. But perhaps his most remarkable achievement is his evocation of the general atmosphere of those feverish days.

In Liberated France. The confusion in France and still more in the minds of Frenchmen after the fall of the country in 1940 must have been desolating to many, but in some respects it may have seemed like order beside the conflict, doubt and mistrust that broke out when the German occupiers were forced back. Into this bewildering and dangerous France came Cally Houten from the Pomona (Cal.) Library of War, Peace and Revolution, to help Dr. Mathias. Always she cherished the hope, however faint, of finding some clue to the fate of her husband, an artist who had disappeared after the declaration of war and had since been identified as one of the most execrated of collaborationists. Her adventures were breath-taking.

Thrills and Humour. The Teilhets are in good form in "The Double Agent"; they keep the story moving even if it sometimes threatens to run away; and they have a sense of humour denied to many thriller-writers.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Fanfare for Elizabeth. By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan; 12s. 6d.*)
Poor Man's Tapestry. By Oliver Onions. (*Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.*)
You Forget So Quickly. By Ashley Smith. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.*)
The Double Agent. By Darwin and Hildegarde Teilhet. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

Backstage. The plaster ladies are ruthlessly strung up by the neck; with their feet resting on cushions prior to receiving metal supports.

A little dance with a friendly partner is one means of keeping the circulation going.

THE "BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT" SHOW TAKES SHAPE.

INTENSIVE co-operation over detail between artist and craftsmen has gone to the making of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum which was opened by the King last week. Take, for instance, the case of forty-one of the "display figures." First their sculpture in clay by Miss Ethelwyn Baker in her Hampstead studio. Next a waste mould is made; from this waste mould a master model is created; and from this model the piece mould is formed from which are cast in turn the fashion figures which gaze arrogantly around the Fashion Hall. The casting of the figures was performed with infinite care by the great-great-grandchildren of one Samuel Wright, a plaster-caster of 1802. So the figures are definitely of British origin.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY F. J. GOODMAN.

When one is déshabillée things are chilly; but there's a taxi close by for the hailing.

Left: Like a butterfly from the chrysalis this armless girl steps out of her Salvador Dali-like mould.

Right: When they get their wigs the ladies become more assured, more sophisticated; aware of added charm.

THE SHIP VISITOR.*

By GILBERT HACKFORTH-JONES.

A SUDDEN rain-squall swept down upon the river. It blotted out the ugly mud-banks which, at low tide, dominated the scene and wet the solitary rower before he could rouse himself to pull his oilskins round his shoulders. Not that the rower was caring very much about his physical comfort.

Stephen Gradwick had been properly cared for on this Christmas Day. His family had seen to that. Now the family were stretched out in front of a blazing log-fire sleeping off the lunch, and, thought Stephen, as an icy trickle of rain-water ran down between his shoulder-blades, where was the harm in that? Only a damn fool would be pulling this ancient scow down the river to look again at the ship that he 'd commanded up to the day of his demobilisation.

He 'd heard about the ship only recently from a chap called Harris, whom he 'd run into at the "local." Bill Harris was demobilised too, used to be his Chief Quartermaster in the *Gadfly*; now he was employed as a civilian "ship-keeper" to live on board one of the empty hulks as caretaker.

"I 'm the owner now," he 'd said with a grin; "livin' in the wardroom what was, and the 'ole bloody ship to run around in if I want to. And believe it or not, my ship 's the *Gadfly*. There 's a turn-up for you. Come aboard and see me if you 've a mind to. I 'll be there over Christmas. I 'll save a drop in case you do."

It was funny, after having been "Sir-ed" right, left and centre as captain of his own ship, to meet one's ex-Chief Quartermaster over a pint and to slip back to a proper relationship between man and man.

Bill Harris was a bit of a card, he remembered; now and again he 'd go ashore with that lanky Leading Stoker, and then sure enough they 'd be "in the rattle" together the next day. That was a great drinking partnership, Bill Harris and what was the other fellow's name? He couldn't remember now.

Yes, this *was* better than dozing over a crossword puzzle in a stuffy room. But if, a couple of years ago, he 'd been told that he 'd come to that conclusion, he wouldn't have believed it. How much he 'd looked forward to the end of the war, the removal of that constant knowledge of the proximity of danger and its substitution by a sense of smug security. And now the war was over. He had a nice safe job and ought to be enjoying life. Instead, here he was on Christmas afternoon rowing back to the ship he 'd once commanded to look at her again with nostalgic eyes. But he 'd reckoned without the tide. It was a damned long pull to the *Gadfly*; by the time he 'd got there he 'd have corns on his backside.

Now, grey clouds were everywhere, it was raining and singularly quiet. Even the sea-gulls were silent. As he battled stubbornly against the flood-stream Stephen felt an impulse to abandon this expedition, to rest on his oars and allow the elements to return him swiftly to his point of embarkation. What was the point of sweating down-stream? Even the rippling bow-wave of the scow seemed to be whispering messages of recall.

He lay on his oars for a moment undecided. Then he looked over his shoulder and saw that he 'd only have another ten minutes' rowing if he persisted, and that settled him. He had no difficulty in spotting the *Gadfly*. That dent in her bow was unmistakable.

She certainly looked a depressing sight, with all her guns and armament lifted out of her. The only sign of life was a wisp of smoke from the wardroom stove-pipe. That would be Bill Harris.

Suddenly Stephen was glad he 'd made the effort, even though it would be unpleasant going back in pitch darkness.

He pulled up alongside and climbed aboard, his boots making a hollow sound on the ship's side as he did so. He reached the deck and half-lifted his hand to salute as he stepped aboard, and then remembered in time and desisted.

As he turned and walked towards the hatch he thought he saw for a moment a tall figure silhouetted against the grey sky. He called out, but receiving no reply he concluded that he 'd been mistaken, and went on his way and down the ladder to the wardroom.

It was warm and cosy in there. A roaring fire burned in the anthracite stove. A canvas deck-chair and bunk were placed close to the stove; on a soap-box stood half-a-bottle of rum, and from an ash-tray the smoke of a half-consumed cigarette climbed vertically. But Bill Harris was not there. His absence was the more disconcerting because of those obvious signs of his presence so short a time ago. Stephen lifted up his voice. "Ahoy there, Harris!" he called. There was no reply.

Stephen went on deck and repeated his call. He went forward to the break of the fo'c'sle and shouted into the blackness of the fore-mess deck. His voice echoed in startling fashion, but that was the only reply he got. As he turned and left the mess-deck with a chilly feeling in his backbone he again saw ahead of him the outline of a tall man, and this time he was able to be sure that here was no hallucination. The man was clad in blue dungarees. He had a cap-cover on his head, such as engine-room ratings of the old school affect to wear, and a single anchor was embroidered on the sleeve of his overall. He turned as he moved, and Stephen saw that he was a Leading Stoker and a familiar figure at that.

"Hi, you!" he called to the man. "Have you seen Bill Harris?" The man turned towards him and half-beckoned. Then he stepped behind the superstructure and was no longer visible. Stephen quickened his pace and crossed to where he 'd last seen the man. There was no sign of him. He began to get angry. Some silly blighter was trying to play hide-and-seek with him. It was a suitable pastime for Christmas certainly, but not under these circumstances. Where was Bill Harris? Was he playing the fool, too?

And then came the realisation of who this Leading Stoker was. Of course, it was Harris's drinking friend of the past. No doubt he 'd disturbed them in the middle of a party and now they were taking a rise out of their former commanding officer by hiding from him.

He felt greatly relieved by this decision and returned to the wardroom hatch. As he descended it he saw again the tall figure of the Leading Stoker moving among the ventilators in the waist. He ignored the man and went back to the wardroom. He suddenly felt very much in need of a drink.

As he reached for the bottle he saw that there had only been one cup in use. If the two men had been drinking together one of them must have had it out of the bottle. He took a generous swig and stood listening for the sound of his host's footsteps.

There followed an unnerving and uncanny silence.

Once more he climbed the ladder to the deck; once more he ran round the ship calling for Bill Harris, and all the time he was aware of the shadowy figure of the gaunt Leading Stoker shepherding him on his way. Now he was beginning to hate the sound of his own voice. What if another voice were to answer him?

He stopped and, fumbling in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette. As he lit it from his lighter he saw that his hands were shaking.

This won't do, he told himself; there 's a perfectly logical explanation to all this if only one knew it. If only he could remember the name of the Leading Stoker, Bill Harris's drinking friend: it was so silly shouting "Hi, you there!" after a man who wouldn't answer. Surely if he were addressed by his own name the chap would stop behaving like a ghost.

Stephen Gradwick shivered. It was nearly dark now and he longed to be gone, back to his home, to bright lights and people who answered when you spoke to them. But he couldn't push off with the mystery of Bill Harris's disappearance unsolved.

Then suddenly out of a void came the name he was seeking. Leading Stoker Lanyon. That was it.

He raced forward again to where he 'd last seen the man and called him by the name. For a while there was no reply or sign of the man. And then, suddenly, he was standing within a few feet of his searcher.

Stephen saw his face. It was livid and scarred and dirty, but there was nothing but entreaty in the expression of the eyes. The lips moved but uttered no sound. He moved quickly forward and Stephen followed.

Presently he stopped short in front of a large open hatch leading down to the engine-room. Stephen saw him point downwards, but at that moment his attention was diverted by the blessed sound of a human voice. The fact that the voice was that of a man in great pain did not disconcert him. His feeling of weakness vanished; here at last was something physical. Bill Harris was hurt. He remembered a line of silly patter he 'd learnt as a child.

"Bill 's down the 'ole."

Yes, Bill certainly was. Stephen found him lying on his back, his left leg doubled under him and a cut in the back of his head from which a crimson stream was slowly finding its lowest level.

The man needed attention at once, that was clear. Stephen climbed on deck and, running to the quarterdeck, called across to the next ship in the line, waving a lamp as he did so.

It was only after getting a friendly shout and fetching the adjacent ship-keepers to help carry Bill Harris to the boat that he remembered that it had never occurred to him to go back in search of Leading Stoker Lanyon.

Which was just as well, for, according to Bill Harris as he sat up in hospital the next day and apologised for having fallen down a hatch when intoxicated, Lanyon had "had it" in an air raid at Bari nearly two years ago now.

[THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD., 16 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1 MAYFAIR 4412

AUTUMN AHEAD

The nearer we get to autumn the more a man should think of Austin Reed's. For at Regent Street there are always useful items, from overcoats to socks, which help him to prepare snug winter quarters. And his strategic plan should include frequent visits to Austin Reed's to survey the ever-changing stock situation.

AUSTIN REED

of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES · LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

BENTLEY

4¼ LITRE · MARK VI

....fit

Champion Plugs

in their

post-war cars

CHAMPION

PLUGS

The Choice of the British Motor Industry

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX

NORTH BRITISH TYRES

For Touring or Transport

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED EDINBURGH & LONDON

T29

THE CUMMERBUND STORY

Jaeger are introducing a new, feminine and very attractive waistline in their slacks and skirts. It is the cummerbund—a tie-round scarf effect which gives a beautifully neat waist and a warm, comfortable assurance that there will be no ugly gaps between shirt and skirt however energetically you work or play. These are on sale at all Jaeger shops, including the Jaeger shop at Selfridges. The Slacks (Utility and non-Utility) at £3 14*s.* 4*d.*, £2 12*s.* and £1 19*s.* 8*d.*, the skirt (non-Utility) at £4 4*s.* The lovely stockings worn by the girl on the right are the newest British nylons, fully-fashioned by Wolsey, promised to the public in December, and treated with a special snag-resisting finish to increase even further the natural long-life qualities of these stockings.

Obtainable from all good Stores.
We cannot supply the Public direct.

Twomax

REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR

BRACE SKIRT

Most useful for all outdoor occasions. Tailored in Flannel Grey. Fine Woven Fabric, either in Self Colour, or Chalk Stripe. Skirt length, 24 ins.; Waist, 26 ins. This skirt at 4 Coupons represents Excellent Coupon Value.

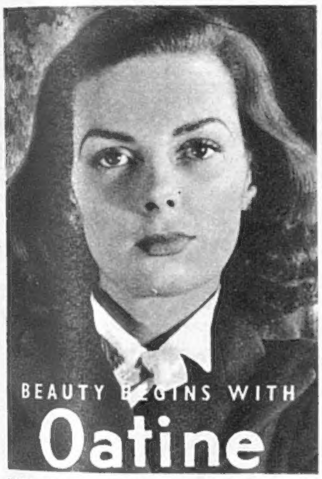
McCLURE & McINTOSH Ltd.
GLASGOW, C.5

Coat and Skirt in a fine quality soft-finished suiting, three-button coat cut with wide shoulders, short revers and snug-fitting waist. Well-cut pencil-slim skirt. In black and various new season's colours. Three sizes. 18 coupons. **£20**

Tailormades — First Floor.

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 **WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1** (Debenhams Ltd.)



NIGHT CREAM ★ VANISHING SNOW ★ POWDER BASE
CVS—26

Introducing–
BEAU BARROWMAN
Our fanciful flower–hawker
A scarf designed by Jacqmar

Jacqmar

16 Grosvenor Street London W.1

I bring COLOUR from the Artist–

to make you Gay

"Brilliant hues to pastel shades—I've captured them all for my Jester range. Follow my washing instructions and Jester Wools will "Never Shrink from a Wash"

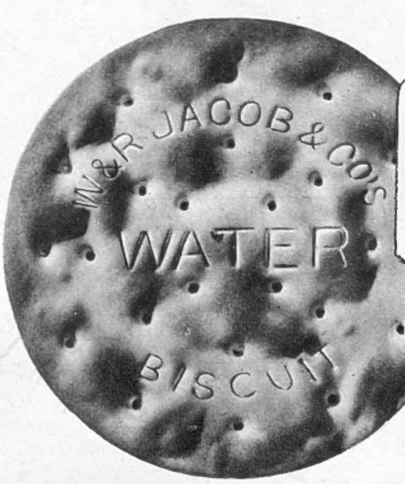
Jester

Jester Wools
for Gayer Garments
The Jester Wool Company Ltd.
JESTER HOUSE, ROMAN FORUM, LEICESTER

EASILY THE BEST
since the days of the Victoria

OSNATH
THE PRAM WITH THE FLOATING MOTION

The elite Baby Carriage since 1873. The demand is great but we are doing our best to make supplies available as quickly as possible.
ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.
26, OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON



JACOB'S
water biscuits

"It won't be long now darling!"

"What is Mummy busy with up there? I know! My COW & GATE—Goody!"
It is a happy fact that babies do love Cow & Gate. It builds fine specimens of healthy, happy childhood.
Be wise—do not take a chance with such a vital thing as your baby's food. Cow & Gate Milk Food is the best substitute when natural feeding fails.

The new abridged Edition of "MOTHERHOOD" is now available. Send 6d. in stamps to Cow & Gate Ltd. Dept. S, Guildford, Surrey, for your copy

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"

V226
KERFOOT

If you have any
VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX . . . for Colds
A Drop on your Handkerchief
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

FERNANDEZ FINO
SHERRY

PRODUCE OF SPAIN

NOW OBTAINABLE IN LIMITED SUPPLIES
ASK YOUR RETAILER

Why
YOU SHOULD BUY
DEFENCE BONDS

The Bonds are repayable at par ten years after the date of purchase plus premium of £1 per cent.

They may be cashed at par on six months' notice.

Defence Bonds can be bought in multiples of £5.

The interest is paid half-yearly.

They can be bought at any Bank, at most Post Offices or through your stockbroker.

Defence Bonds can be held by any person in his private capacity; by parents or guardians on behalf of children under seven years of age; by trustees; by Limited Companies; by Charitable Bodies, Friendly Societies and Corporate Bodies generally.

MAXIMUM HOLDING NOW RAISED TO £2,500

EVERY £5 INVESTED WILL HELP TOWARDS THE NATIONAL TARGET OF £520 MILLIONS.

Issued by The National Savings Committee

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777"** RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

VALSTAR LTD.,
SALFORD 6, Lancs.
also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Keep your Grip on Glamour

with the
"KIRBIGRIP"
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham & London

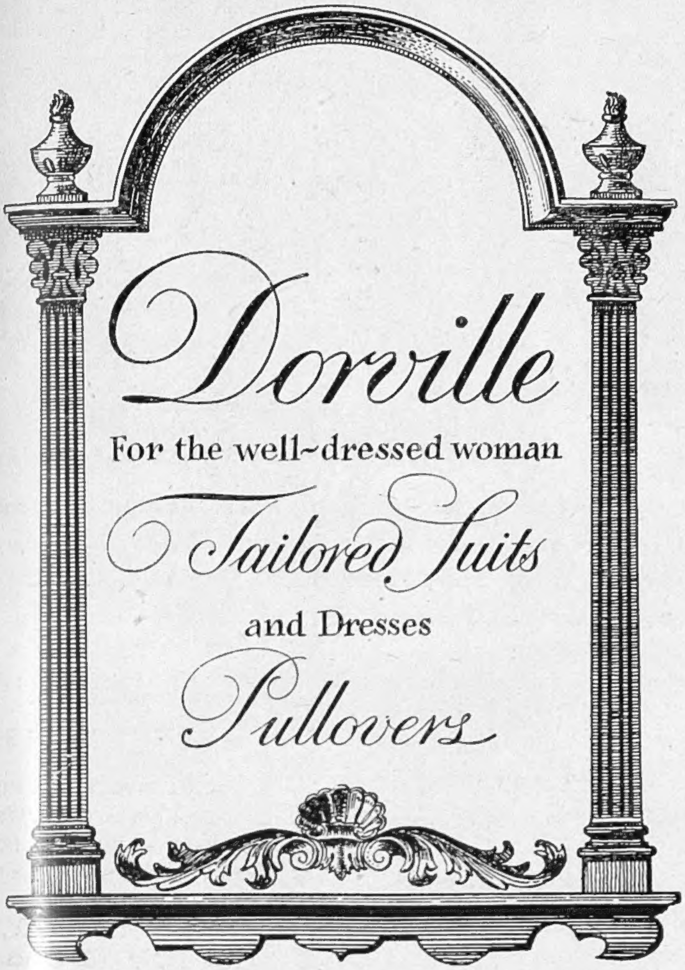
Andy ADAGES No 21

Self praise is no recommendation... but praise from users of ANDY Garden Gloves reaches us by every post. They protect the hands from the thorniest bushes, don't harden after wetting, and can be washed over and over again.

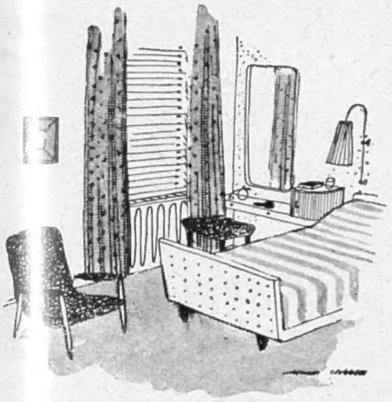
"THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT"

2/6 per pair from all Ironmongers & Stores, or direct **2/9** post free. (State size and send 1 coupon per pair.)
TEDSON THORNLEY & CO.
ROCHDALE

Andy Regd GARDEN GLOVES

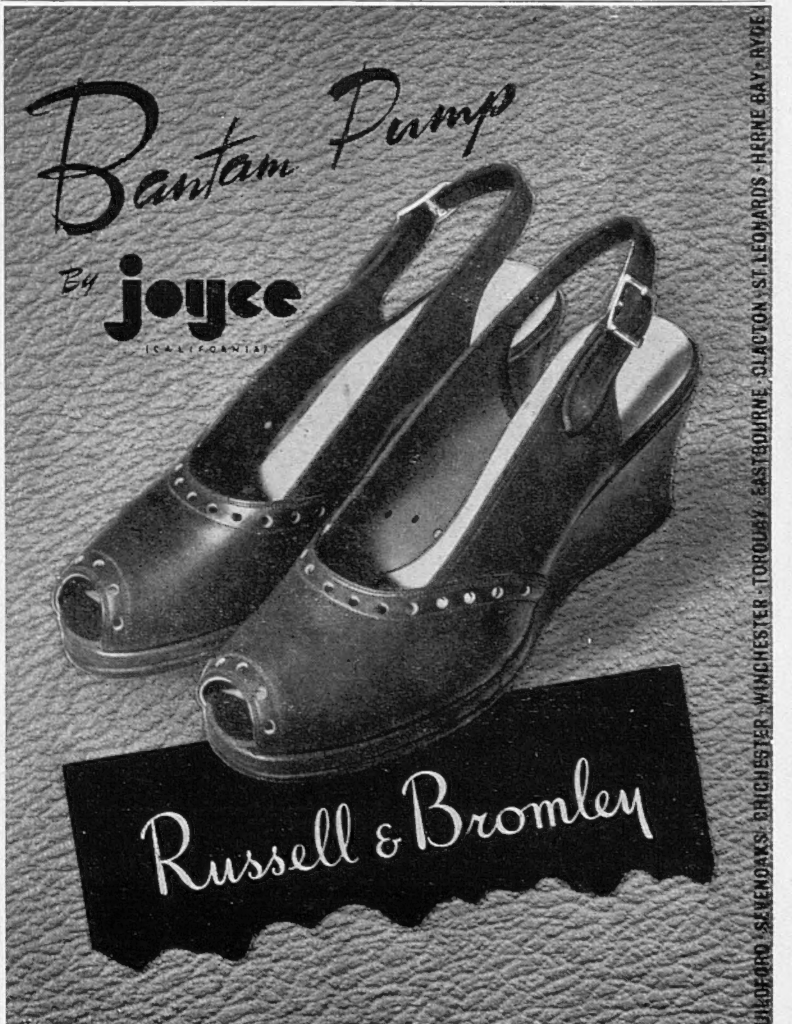


SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 1234



The accent is on restfulness, with clean lines and quiet tones combining to achieve it. When soft lights and colours and pleasant shapes are there, the eye can help the mind to the repose it seeks. It will not be long before lovely, restful Sundour fabrics are at hand to help you to create the bedrooms of your dreams.

Sundour FINE FURNISHING FABRICS



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Dewar's "White Label"

SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum retail prices
25/9 per bottle
13/6 per half-bottle
As fixed by
The Scottish Whisky Assoc.

Och! the THOUGHT of it!

"Gone to the Devil"

Somewhere within a few yards of where Temple Bar once stood was an ancient tavern bearing the sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the devil's nose. But if the founder wished his house to be known as " St. Dunstan's " he reckoned without the lawyers in their chambers nearby.

The legal wits of the day in need of refreshment used to put on their doors " Gone to the Devil ". And the devil it was and St. Dunstan for once played second fiddle.

Schweppes★ *Table Waters famous since 1790*

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard wartime product — but Schweppes will return

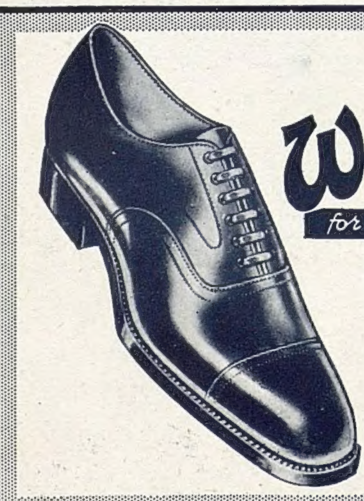
ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus Retex

plus our proven

D.D.T MOTHPROOFING

ACHILLE SERRE, LONDON, E.17



Wearra

MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES

for Men and their Sons

The Wearra range provides the FORMULA FOR FITTING feet correctly

H. L. SHORTLAND
Master Shoemaker and Designer of the Wearra Shoe

ESTB. 1742

WHITBREAD & Co. Ltd.

•

Brewers of ale and stout for over two centuries

•

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, October 2, 1946. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.